
Title: The Origin of Kryste Part One

Author: Kryste

*A book written in
blood and bound in
human skin. Held
together by 4 grizzly
bear teeth. You see a
sketch of a wolf's
head hastily done in
blood*

I was born in Britain
to an unwed mother,
you can say she was a
whore. Despite her
profession, she was
ashamed of giving
birth to me because
she had no idea who
my father was. So
she tried to keep my
existence a secret.
She would lock me in
the closet whenever
someone would come
into her chamber, like
the Madam or a
"customer". But soon
my cries became too
loud to conceal, and the
sound of a baby
crying turned many
of the men who came
to my mother's
chamber away, so she
lost a lot of business.
She had to choose
between me and her
business, and of
course, being the
selfish woman that
she was chose her
business. One day,
when I was not even 6
months old, she
wrapped me up in
blankets along with a
lot of bloody raw meat
and carried me deep
into the forest of
Britain, hoping that

some wild creature
would devour me
whole. Soon enough, a
grizzly bear found
me. But instead of
making me her next
feast, she licked me
clean and brought me
to her den and nursed
me like I was one of
her own cubs My
new "parents"
constantly had
company in their Den,
and it wasn't limited to
only other grizzly
bears. As I was
growing up, I learned
the languages of many
of the other
inhabitants of the
forest, cougars, bears,
wolves, and even the
less intellegent tribes
such as the pigs,
cows, and chickens. I
easily made friends
with them all, and I
didn't even give it a
thought that I looked
different from them.
Actually, I believed
that I was a grizzly
bear like my adoptive
mother and father.
And that's how I spent
most of my early
childhood. When I
was 6 years old, I
went out on a fateful
hunt with my
parents. It started out
fine, and I still
remember the pride in
my father's eyes
when I tore apart a
boar with my bare
hands. But while we
were enjoying our
feast, the unfamiliar
words "Corp Por" came
almost out of no where
like a lightning bolt
came down from
the sky and hit
me, and my
mother's
lifeless body hit

the ground still
shaking from
the burst of
pure energy.
Before I could
even react, I
heard an equally
loud and still
unfamiliar "Kal
Vas Flam" and
my father burst
into flames and
hit the ground
as well, reduced
to nothing but
cinders and
smoke. I stood
there shaking,
trying to brace
for a similar
fate. But
instead, I looked
up to see a face
unlike any other
I have seen
before, but yet it
was like mine,
different. He
had no fur,
except for a one
top of his head
and a long mane
on his face. And
he also only
stood on two
feet, like I did.
The one major
difference was
his size, and I
was too small to
resist him
taking me into arms
and carrying me to his
home, but not
before I
managed to grab
a few of my
mother's fangs
to remember
her by. (I also
fashioned them
into a leather
bracelet as a
symbol of both
my blood and
heritage a few
years later.)
His name was Kyle

Nitte, a Grandmaster Mage and Scholar. In the next few years, he taught me about the others that walked on only two legs, like we did, "the human race", he called it. He also taught me a couple of their languages, how they acted, about their strange tradition of wearing skins on top of their own skins (clothes)., and many other things a "proper young lady" should know, reading, writing, arithmetic., and even a little bit of magery and swordfighting. Meanwhile, I continued to develop my talent of learning the languages of the creatures that are different than myself. When I turned 16, Kyle told me that it was about time I should learn a trade, because it would be expensive to study magery. I agreed, and I looked into my skills to see what I can do to earn gold for my studies. I decided that I should take advantage of my gift of understanding the creatures of the forest. Some time ago I learned that not only was I able to understand their

language, but I also
had an amazing "silver
tounge" with them,
and can almost always
convince them to do
whatever I desired. So
I decided to try to
convince a wolf to
follow me into town.
Successful, I walked
him to the bank and
was able to sell him to
a younger person as a
slave to do his bidding.
I proudly walked home
and showed Kyle the
money I made by
selling the wolf. He
seemed pleased, but I
would be able to make
more gold by selling
more powerful
creatures. So he gave
me two runes, one to
the Artic Isle to tame
polar bears and one to
go back home, and also
two recall scrolls
since I did not know
how to cast it by my
own will yet. I
thanked him
and made my
way to the
Artic Isle. Soon
enough I
convinced 5 or
6 polar bears to
follow me
around. But
what Kyle
failed to tell me
was that the
bears would
only be able to
follow me
through a
magical gate, a
spell which I
was no where
near powerful
enough to cast
at the time. I
wandered about
the Isle for a
couple days, in
search of
someone

powerful
enough to cast
the spell. And
that is how I
came across a
mysterious
man named
Victen
Demacles. He
told me that he
could not cast
the spell, but
he knew
someone that
can. I followed
him, until we
came to a huge
tower, made
entirely of
skulls.

To be continued.....

*On the back of the
book you see a rather
odd shaped handprint,
that apparently has
claws. It also seems
that the handprint
was done in black
blood.*